

THE
WORKS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.
VOLUME IX.
BEING THE
THIRD OF HIS LETTERS.



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OF THE



BRITISH MUSEUM

L E T T E R S
TO AND FROM
D. JONATHAN SWIFT

&c.

From the Year
MDCCXIV. to MDCCXXXVII.

VOL. IX.

A

CONSTITUTIONAL
LIBERTIES

AND FROM

D. JONATHAN SWIFT



From the Year

1753 TO 1800



CONTENTS of the Ninth Volume.

LETTER

- I. **T**O Dr. Swift. Retired from Court some months before the Queen's Death.
- II. From Dr. Swift, at Dublin. How little he cares to think of England: Concern at the violence of party. Of the first volume of Mr. Pope's translation of Homer. His circumstances in Ireland.
- III. Mr. Pope's love and memory of Dr. Swift. The Calumnies and Slanders upon him on account of Religion, turned into raillery.
- IV. Dr. Swift's answer. His enquiry concerning Mr. P's principles. Poets generally follow the Court. Raillery on the subject of his enemies, and his Religion. A Quaker - pastoral, and a Newgate-pastoral, proposed as subjects for Mr. Gay.
- V. Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope: An apology for his conduct and writings after the Queen's death: With an account of his principles in politics.
- VI. Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.
- VII. Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift, occasioned by the former: An account of his conduct and maxims in general.

CONTENTS.

LETTER

- VIII. *From the L. Bolingbroke, a postscript to the foregoing letter, with some account of his own sentiments and situation in private life.*
- IX. *Dr. Swift's answer.*
- X. *From Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift. An invitation to England.*
- XI. *From Dr. Swift: Of Gulliver's Travels, and his scheme of Misanthropy: Concerning a lady at Court: Character of Dr. Arbuthnot.*
- XII. *To Dr. Swift. Character of some of his friends in England; with further invitations.*
- XIII. *Dr. Swift's answer. Death of Lord Oxford's son: something concerning Ph--s: More of his Misanthropy*
- XIV. *Expectations of Dr. Swift's journey to England. Character of low enemies and detractors; with what temper they are to be borne. The amusements of his friends in England. — Lord B's postscript on the same occasion.*
- XV. *From Dr. Swift, preparing to leave England again.*
- XVI. *Answer from Mr. Pope. The regret of his departure, remembrance of the satisfaction past, wishes for his welfare. —*
- XVII. *Desires for his return, and settlement in England: The various schemes of his other friends, and his own.*

CONTENTS.

LETTER

- XVIII.** *From Mr. Gay and Mr. Pope. An account of the reception of Gulliver's Travels in England.*
- XIX.** *On the same subject from Mr. Pope. Advice against party-writing.*
- XX.** *From Dr. Swift. About Gulliver, and of a second journey to England.*
- XXI.** *From the same. Concerning party, and dependency: And of the project of a joint volume of Miscellanies.*
- XXII.** *The answer. On the same subjects.*
- XXIII.** *On Dr. Swift's second departure for Ireland.*
- XXIV.** *From Dr. Swift: His reasons for departing.*
- XXV.** *From Dr. Swift. His remembrance of Mr. P's friendship; with some consideration of his circumstances.*
- XXVI.** *From Mr. Gay. Raillery: What employment was offered him at court, and why he refused it.*
- XXVII.** *Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay. On the refusal of that employment, and his quitting the Court. Of the Beggars Opera.*
- XXVIII.** *From Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope. Of the Dunciad. Advice to the Dean in the manner of Montaigne. — Of courtiers, and of the Beggars Opera.*

CONTENTS.

LETTER

XXIX. *Of a true Jonathan Gulliver in New-England: The Dunciad, and the Treatise of the Bathos. Reflections on mortality and decay: What is deſtrable in the decline of life.*

XXX. *From Dr. Swift. Answer to the former: His ſituation in Ireland.*

XXXI. *From the ſame. His own and Mr. Pope's temper.*

XXXII. *Lord Bolingbroke's life in the country. More about the Dunciad.*

XXXIII. *From Dr. Swift. Advice how to publiſh the Dunciad: Concerning Lord B. and Mr. Gay.*

XXXIV. *From Bath. The pleaſure of being abuſed in company with worthy men.*

XXXV. *From Dr. Swift. His manner of living with a friend in the country. The death of Mr. Congreve. Character of an indolent friend.*

XXXVI. *Dr. Swift to Lord Bolingbroke. Exhortation to him to write hiſtory. The Dean's temper, his preſent amuſements, and diſpoſition.*

XXXVII. *From the ſame on the ſame ſubjects, and concerning æconomy; his ſentiments on the times, and his manner of life — of the love of fame and diſtinction. His friendſhip for Mr. Pope.*

XXXVIII. *From the ſame. His condition: The ſtate of Ireland: Character of Mrs. Pope: Reflections on Mr. Pope's and Mr. Gay's circumſtances.*

CONTENTS.

LETTER

XXXIX. *Mr. Pope's answer: His situation and contentment: An account of his other friends.*

XL. *Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift; A review of his life, his thoughts of oeconomy, and concerning fame.*

XLI. *Dr. Swift's answer. The misfortunes attending great talents: Concerning fame, and the desire of it.*

XLII. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope. Concerning the Dunciad, and of his situation of life.*

XLIII. *From Lord B. That the sense of friendship increases with increase of years. Concerning a history of his own times, and Mr. P's moral poem.*

XLIV. *Of the style of his Letters, of his condition of life, his past friendships, dislike of party-spirit, and thoughts of pensions and preferment.*

XLV. *Of Mr. Westley's dissertations on Job — Postscript by Lord Bol. on the pleasure we take in reading letters.*

XLVI. *From Lord B. to Dr. Swift. Inviting him to England, and concerning reformation of manners by writing.*

XLVII. *From the same. The temper proper to men in years: An account of his own. The character of his lady. — Postscript by Mr. P. on his mother, and the effects of the tender passions.*

CONTENTS.

LETTER

XLVIII. *From the same. Of his studies, particularly a metaphysical work. Of retirement and exercise. — Postscript by Mr. P. His wish that their studies were united in some work useful to manners, and his distaste of all party-writings.*

5 N059

L E T T E R S
TO AND FROM
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, &c.
From the Year 1714 to 1737.

L E T T E R I.
Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has own'd himself as splenetic as a Cat in the Country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: If you are too busied in State affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or, if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I

10 LETTERS TO AND

am no stranger to in the Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country: but my encreasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your 1) retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting Epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous State treatise from your retirement; and a Wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the Ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the Court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure

1) Some time before the Death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's House in Berkshire, and never saw them after. S.

to the life and adventures of Scriblerus &c). This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgements which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am with the truest affection,

Yours, &c.

(2) This project (in which the principal persons engaged were Dr. Arbuthnot, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope) was a very noble one. It was to write a complete satire in prose upon the abuses in every branch of science, comprised in the history of the life and writings of Scriblerus; of which only some detached parts and fragments were done, such as the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the *Travels of Gulliver*, the *Treatise of the Profound*, the *literal Criticisms on Virgil*, &c.

LETTER II.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

MY 3) Lord Bishop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *Desiderium* which of all things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in public events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros* — Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the Eclipse, but it was that Eclipse which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If

3) Dr. St. George Ash, formerly a fellow of Trinity-College Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a Pupil) afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the See of Derry in 1716-17. S.

It pleaseth others as well as me; you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at some bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable Rhymes to war and gods. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in Judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and so are your Preface and Essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times 4).

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblers.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which last is very rare) I eat a mutton pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amusements are

4) Put these two last observations together, and it will appear that Mr. Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would insult a ministry to humour his friends. He said of himself, and I believe he said truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animosity of any one party at the expense of another.* See the letter to a noble lord.

defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur haec inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 20, 1716.

I Cannot suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less ⁵⁾ and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly-speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addresses to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an author militant: whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not ar-

⁵⁾ Alluding to [his constant custom] of sleeping after dinner.

lived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I suffer for my Religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one 6) in my name). This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie 7), wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so Churches sink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that Religion and Trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmost sincerity,

Your's, &c.

6) In Curl's Collection.

7) One who made a noise then, as Count Bonnyval has done since,

LETTER IV.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom before any other question relating to your health or fortune, or success as a Poet, I enquired your principles in the common form, "Is he Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *Faſto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Possession of any sort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do Grace. — You sleep less and drink more. — But your master Horace was *Vini ſomnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the custom to sleep in Temples for those who would consult the Oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbring &c.", &c.

You are an ill Catholick, or a worse Geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I

8) Milton.

appeal even to any Spanish divine whether Addressees were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose name I have forgot; Tools, in my opinion as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough Bookselling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scriblers in Critic or Satire, not only by stolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the Historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his ressemblers are hang'd.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the Turks, by telling

them you were forced to leave your native home, because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a sett of Quaker pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay 1) could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, footman 2), or chairman's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate-pastoral, among the whores and thieves there.

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a fort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipt by since I had the happiness to see you. I am, with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.

1) Gay did write a pastoral of this kind, which is published in his works.

2) Swift himself wrote one of this kind, intituled *Dermot and Sheslah*.

3) LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determin'd to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whitshed, under the situation I am in. For, I take this cause properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt whether the Arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to those in Furs, upon whose decision about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a Discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but, upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great Minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the Queen died, and I recalled my

3) This Letter Mr. Pope never received. P. nor did he believe it was ever sent.

copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events, which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of Affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written some Memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations, which I receiv'd, as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me 4): But, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting 5) into order by one sheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further,

4) Historiographer.

P.

5) These papers some years after were brought finished by the Dean into England, with an intention to publish them. But a friend, on whose judgment he relied (the same I suppose whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter) dissuaded him from that design. He told the Dean, there were several facts he knew to be false, and that the whole was so much in the spirit of party-writing, that, though it might have made a reasonable pamphlet in the time of their administration, it was a dishonour to just history. The Dean would do nothing against his Friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that since * * did not approve his history, he would cast it into the fire, tho' it was the best work he had ever written. However it did not undergo this fate, and is said to be yet in, being.

lest the humour of searching and seizing papers, should receive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself (for they contain nothing of present Times or Persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the house) but to preserve them from being lost among Messengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a 6) discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures instead of those from England. This Treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two Kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the Printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to out-do his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their Presentments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: after his trial the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been culled with the utmost industry; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a special Verdict. During

6) A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures.
P.

the trial, the Chief Justice, among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the Author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a single syllable of party in the whole Treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and impopular, the trial of the Verdict was deferred from one Term to another, until upon the Duke of G — ft — n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider common cases of property, where Party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of Knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind 7).

It is true, I have been much concerned, for several years past, upon account of the publick as well as for myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which Politics, and South-sea, and Party. and Opera's, and Masquerades have in-

7) This is a very strange assertion. To suppose that a consummate knowledge of the laws, by which civilized societies are governed, can give no one good quality to the mind, is making Ethics (of which public laws are so considerable a part) a very unprofitable study. The best division of the sciences is that old one of Plato, into Ethics, Physics, and Logic. The severer Philosophers condemn a total application to the two latter, because they have no tendency to mend the heart; and recommend the first as our principal study, for its efficacy in this important service. And sure, if any human speculations can mend the heart they must be those which have Man for their object, as a

troduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a Treatise called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one Circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a Treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a Panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to enquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a Councillor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see myself so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a Courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great Ministers ready reasonable, a social, and a civil being. And these are all included under *Ethics*; whether you call the science *Morality* or *Law*. And with regard to the Law of England, we must be much prejudiced against it not to allow that what Tully affirms concerning the Law of the twelve tables, may with more justice, be applied to ours. "Fremant
" omnes licet. dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule
" omnium Philosophorum unum mihi videtur Pandectarum
" volumen et autoritatis pondere et utilitatis ubertate
" superare." But the best proof of its moral efficacy is the manners of its professors: and these, in every age, have been such as were the first improved, or the last corrupted.

enough to hear Opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a Maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in Politics, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the public interest both of Church and State would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant Succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other Party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship: He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Row, and Mr. Steel; although I freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who upon the first change of the Ministry interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sed jungit ab urbe.*

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of

his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the Ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view towards making my Court: For, the new Principles ⁸) fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more ministers of State of all parties than usually happens to men of my level, and, I confess, in their capacity as Ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of Vanity or Ambition. The first quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Sommers ⁹) or Hallifax, who were leaders of the opposite Party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your

⁸) He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them, by their Enemies, of an intention to *proscribe the Tories*.

⁹) Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland, in the year 1709.

Pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last Ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant Succession, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions *tantum in equo Trojano*." But if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any Party virulence ¹⁾, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at Court; and that I was known to be a Common Friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to Favour and Preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to enquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the Chief Managers here: He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else but damping the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

¹⁾ The *Examiners*, I suppose, were not then published amongst the Dean's works.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain Minister about that whiggish or fanatical Genius, so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest leven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarreling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an Exciseman, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my Political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish Successor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any Law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; Right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topics: and therefore in great Changes when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt Administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a Revolution-principle, my opinion was this; That whenever those evils, which

usually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the public good will justify such a Revolution. And this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against Standing Armies in times of Peace: Because I always took Standing Armies to be only servants hired by the Master of the family for keeping his own children in slavery; and because I conceived, that a Prince who could not think himself secure without Mercenary Troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his Subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial Necessities which a corrupted Ministry can create, for keeping up Forces to support a Faction against the publick Interest.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic Institution, which made them annual: and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not, that, while such Assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Ministry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifest danger of Liberty? which Traffic would neither answer the design nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of Politics, (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied Interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our Government than this, That the Possessors of the soil are the best Judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom.

If others had thought the same way, Funds of Credit and South-sea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any law upon which the Liberty of the most innocent Persons depended; neither do I think this Practice hath made the taste of Arbitrary Power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every Rebellion subdued and Plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the Prince: In the latter case, the knot of Conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a Minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of Informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of chusing a Dictator, during whose administration the Power of other Magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a War near their doors, or some civil Dissention: For Armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their Successors, the most infamous Tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: what they are at present, is of little importance either to

that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past, that a political Catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: For, intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which, it seems, had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the spirit of Faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the Ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a Subject nor so stupid an Author, as I have been represented by the virulence of Libellers, whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid Productions, which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been soured by personal ill treatment, or by

melancholy prospects for the public, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by encreasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where those Talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

Coming home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England; there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dis-

possessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopt by too many reasons, besides years and business, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling myself to the scene, and the business, to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides, what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myself with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *Et tibi quos mihi dempsert Apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why Poets have such ill success in making their Courts, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatters: The defect is, that they flatter only in print

or in writing, but not by word of mouth: They will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides, they are too libertine to haunt antichambers, too poor to bribe Porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill Judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all Courts have a sameness in them (as the Parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to Parliament-men's Friends, who had been useful in Elections, and there was always a huge List of names in arrears at the Treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course wou'd be to get your Friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his Secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanry-house; there is a sett of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between too stools. Take care of your health and money; be less

modest and more active; or else turn Parson and get a Bishoprick here: Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER VII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late Letter of yours, that both stings and pleaseth me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of Friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given ¹) a Surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know yourself to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any share.

¹) Alluding to his large work on Homer.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take Me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished: After both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of 2) Rochester. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another 3). I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General 4): and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the manner of my life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various

2) Dr. Atterbury.

3) The Bishop of Rochester thought this to be indeed the case: and that the price agreed on for Lord B's return was his banishment: an imagination, which so strongly possessed him when he went abroad, that all the expostulations of his friends, could not convince him of the folly of it.

4) This Mr. Walsley seriously thought to be the case, where, in a letter to Mr. Pope, he says -- "When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton shew'd me a letter he had received from a certain great General in Spain; (Lord Peterb.) I told him, I would by all means have that General recalled, and set to writing here at home, for it was impossible that a man with so much wit as he shewed, could be fit to command an army or do any other business." *Let. V. Sep. 9. 1706.*

and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions a Glut of Study and Retirement in the first part of my life cast me into this; and this, I begin to see, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Setts of people, have hinder'd me from being violent or four to any Party; but at the same time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My Friendships are encreased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use, the Freedom of Friendship with men much my Superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none

have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you yourself have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

LETTER VIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

I Am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals; You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to con-

firm it: but annual Acknowledgements at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his Precursors

among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seres) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman Historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no History of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears 5).

I am under no apprehension that a glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life; my Philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Sum non consilio bonus, sed more eo perditus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprize: In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of Titles and Rank, and Estate, and such trinklets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

5) See the first note on Lett. V. of this Vol.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should methinks precede them: My losses of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a swort-cutler's shop in Germany: but even in these constrained postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends: he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teazes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and

which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it. — Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER IX.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt Friendship and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit myself to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myself here — *Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dullness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi & fuga sæculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of too much applause, as Ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your happiness is greater than your Merit, in choosing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party: this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendship are new to me 6): I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my Friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not so troublesome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a Friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the time of Augustus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scriblers I suppose you mean the Fools

6) Yet they are the Christian notions,

you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be called so in this Country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita Solutorum, &c.* I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay, — I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborough, or he with you?

I am ever, &c.

L E T T E R X.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I should have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are so much better liked in another country than their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he try'd, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort myself only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I fit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of one more seeing you. After so many dispersions and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as un-hurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels 7) I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own Territories 8). I mean no more Translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

7) Gulliver.

8) The Essay on Man.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not so old, as yourself; you'll be pleased with one - another I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one - another: you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at is, she is considerable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be easy, and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he would give you (if he cou'd) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Your's, &c.

LETTER XI.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Sept. 29, 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts: to signalize myself among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my 9) Travels, in four parts compleat, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a Printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with Translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all Nations, Professions and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for instance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counsellor such a

9) *Gulliver's Travels,*

one, and Judge such a one: 'Tis so with Physicians (I will not speak of my own Trade) Soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *Animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Misanthropy (tho' not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honest men are of my opinion: By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your *Odyssy* was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three fourths the less, from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you sav'd yourself so much drudgery — I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great achievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with Harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you describe to live at Court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf,

but neither is she a Court-lady, Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then she is a most damnable Party-woman, and will never make me easy, as you promise. It must be Riches, which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault: There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where after abundance of praises he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas, he hath a sort of slouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leicester call'd those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin Blacksmith, a great Poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainers never succeed at Court, tho' Railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I must address to you out of London to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now

conclude altho' so much paper is left, I have an ill Name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much Youth and vigour left (of which he hath not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no more Discretion.

LETTER XII.

O^ct. 15, 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content, with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his Father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world every part of which he has long despis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain (which

is the most Catholic of all remedies, tho' not the most Universal). I knew it would be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I'm sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the most miserable. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the Taste of the Town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for sense?

In — 's Reign these fruitless lines were writ,

When Ambrose Philips was preferred for Wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too). Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole trust at Court in that Lady whom I described to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; though as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other?

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall, I wish he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved Mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after

so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atome of the other, remains just the same; I've fancy'd, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former Passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the Just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging Angel of wrath, to break your Vial of Indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of Maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles ¹) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my Ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this Letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in every thing that is address'd to you, or comes from you,) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the Nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your Principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people,

¹) This was only said as an oblique reproof of the horrid misanthropy in the foregoing Letter; and which he supposed, might be chiefly occasioned by the Dean's fondness for Rochefoucault, whose *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an universal selfishness in human nature.

who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touch'd with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu — what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Disny so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These and some others, preserve their ancient honour and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d — d, what is it to a Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I answer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first prayed against me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,

The Turk he is a Jew:

The Christian is an Infidel

That smeth in a Pew.

LETTER XIII.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I Should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feverish disorder and the relics of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not express'd that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banished again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledg'd, but before my letter could reach him, I wish'd it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that Parsons and Beggars should be over-run with bratts, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have receiv'd his Father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an Hospital built for its Despisers, where one

might aft with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endow'd. P * * is *fort chancelant* whether he shall turn Parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast Wits and cast Beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgment, that a fine gentleman, and so much the finer for hating Ecclesiastics, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a Poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies. — You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys, like you, talk of Millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my Disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my Age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the fifty eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable Animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with — than I was with the Kite that

last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleased when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write *Maxims* in opposition to *Rochefoucault*, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him ²⁾; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. — Take care the bad Poets do not out-wit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. *Moevius* is as well known as *Virgil*, and *Gildon* will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your Verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning myself whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Decemb. 10, 1725.

I Find myself the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as men are with themselves for a long Affliction: Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour: an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger thro' a medium of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely

²⁾ This, methinks, is no great compliment to his own heart.

pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers should be past in silence. To vindicate one's self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your country-man, when the people imputed a stink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! what Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelsea, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those, that, out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the Great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knocke'd on the head with a Piss-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherly said to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the under-strappers of under-secretaries to secretaries who were no secretaries — this would provoke as dull a dog as Ph — s himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L — thinks all this indiscreet: the Dr. not so; he loves

mischief the best of any good-natured man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; *if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine.* Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than Yours, &c.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philosophers: If you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble Original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble *3)*, was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted Lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rapture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discover'd fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal Rationis capax*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reason, and you will see why your distinction is not better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*; between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this:

make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wish'd me banish'd again: but I am not less true to you and to Philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Your's, &c. B.

LETTER XV.

From Dr. S W I F T.

London, May 4, 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least Transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those sots who are carry'd dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touch'd a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: This I intend in return to your

kindness; and further, I know no body has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely Yours.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MAny a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walk'd about like a man banished, and when I came home found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopp'd off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: Habitue itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent; I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your Idea must be joined with 'em; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a Phantome of you, sitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Chester, I felt the extream heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wish'd a hundred times I had either a Deanery or a Horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am

gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Infiat in pedes* was not more properly apply'd to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lye down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him, or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth, with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the Cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Pateras*, &c. Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman Vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Sept. 3, 1726.

Yours to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave me a great deal) for to hear you were safe at your journey's end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reach'd you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir — who express'd his desire of having seen you again before you left us. He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myself, who wished you lov'd Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think wou'd induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it, or you. I can't help thinking (when I consider the whole short List of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualify'd for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loses money, one loses his time: Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling foil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a subject to Princes and Potentates, to relish that wild Taste of liberty and poverty, Mr. Congreve is

too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: And for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glimpse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. * * takes it extremely kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence: "Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in."

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

*Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris —*)

I am, and ever shall be Yours, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABout ten days ago a Book was publish'd here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: The whole impresson sold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally said that you are the Author; but I am told, the Bookseller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nursery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general Societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys publish'd to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord — is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wonder'd that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplish'd of his Species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man 4). Your friend,

4) It is no wonder a man of worth should condemn a satire on his species; as it injures Virtue and violates Truth: And, as little, that a corrupt man should approve it, because it justifies his principles and tends to excuse his practice.

my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Dutchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it; she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and treating the best as her foes; and that if she knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injur'd by being suppos'd the Author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblig'd us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among Lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the Church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding, I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other Critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath pass'd Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reach'd Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over your self, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of Commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fix'd the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princess is cloth'd in Irish silk; pray give our service to the Weavers. We are strangely surpris'd to hear that the Bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B — hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhum) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but your self.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of Your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others ¹⁾, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for 'em — I congratulate you first upon what you call your Cousin's wonderful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophesy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book; some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you

¹⁾ This was occasioned by a bad accident as he was returning home in a friend's Chariot; which in passing a bridge was overturned, and thrown with the horses into the River. The glasses being up, and Mr. Pope unable to break them, he was in immediate danger of drowning, when the postillion, who had just recovered himself, beat the glass, which lay uppermost to pieces: a fragment of which cut one of Mr. Pope's hands very dangerously.

know, always are desirous to apply Satire to those they envy for being above them) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte receiv'd the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropp'd at his house in the dark, from a Hackney-coach; by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so, for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I am pleas'd with the nature and quality of your Present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determin'd to be National in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greatest Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing, in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr. P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius in verba jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: But God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about Politics at all (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other way) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I Am just come from answering a Letter of Mrs. H — 's writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the second colume observe several passages, which appear to be patch'd and altered 2), and the style of a different sort (unless I am much mistaken) Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors least 3); others, you tell me, the Flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole Bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blam'd: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A Bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he

2) This was the fact, which is complained of and redressed in the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works,

3) Because he understood it to be intended as a satire on the Royal Society.

hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your Ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a Plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty - thousand Lies sooner than he can fifty Fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office, it is to assist with the Archbishop, in degrading a Parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man: and decide the great question of an indelible character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the Ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbishop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotch - man. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. — Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the Printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Decemb. 5, 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourself, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have Accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally Groom shall gallop a foundred horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleas'd that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which when it is done to those of high rank, ought to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependance a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Minister will see us or no; We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have receiv'd the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not ap-

prove, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (tho' it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you please, I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, tho' he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Though you despise Riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the bookfeller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed; but far inferior to mine; but I will not praise myself. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu, docte Trebati, dissentis.*

Your's, &c.

LETTER XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint-volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought: but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of Verses, but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguish'd for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon said, and above all of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I should not care to be one of the Twelve-thousand signed.

You receiv'd, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The Bookseller would fain have printed 'em before the second Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politics. People are very warm,

and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est, Tantas componere lites.* I stay at Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry Pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion; but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (tho', as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this; She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vex'd at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him; but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

Octob. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me, like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that 'tis almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than in mine, tho' at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seem'd to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and aft there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: For the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I don't find it did so. I never comply'd so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so intirely from you; nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if

you had not promised that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1737.

I Have been long reasoning with myself upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large house and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintainance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to

whom I am so much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wish'd that God almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unfociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the Inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleas'd God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myself

with accompts; so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the Preacher said, "the day of judgment was nearer, than ever it had been before."

Pray God send you health, *det salutem, det opes; animum aequum tibi ipse parabis*. You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

From Dr. S w i f t.

Octob. 30, 1727.

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Post-office. In that Letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you

more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some Philosophers who writ much better upon Virtue than they practised it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health: You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Physicians. When you talk'd of Cups and Impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if*

we shall reap your carnal things? This is more proper still, if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow myself to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow myself to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging Presents, tho' I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason, (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physic, and I will have your coming inscribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance, who used to correspond with the last Great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good Woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Octob. 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed Gentlemanusher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanced in life, I have declin'd accepting; and have endeavour'd, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanish'd; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am us'd to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. — You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly — I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finish'd. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long Congratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the same: It will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleas'd; but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My Poem (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curl's and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of Traytors, our Friends and Admirers) my Poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we lived in? Your name is in it,

with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits,

Wheter thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,

Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

Or in the grayer Gown instruct mankind,

Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I've said of you in the Poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I Entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated: And since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a Court. A Minister is always seventy: You are

thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000 *l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natur'd man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper — I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill-used by others.

I have known Courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured; Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or dis-service.

Now why does not Pope publish his dulness? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment, nor reward. — Pray enquire how my Lord St. John does? there's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. — I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of Independence? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto*? Will you not think of an Annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not

chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old Manuscript?

I bought your Opera to-day for six-pence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it *pro modulo nostro* as London can be; continually acting, and houses cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I with Mackheath, when he was going to be hang'd, had imitated Alexander the great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a Successor, and he to answer; Let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the Opera, of the applause at the song. *That was level'd at me*, when to great Ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid Ministers. —

Ever preserve some spice of the Alderman, and prepare against Age and Dulness, and Sickness; and Coldness or Death of Friends. A Whore has a resource left, that she can turn bawd; but an old decay'd Poet is a creature abandon'd, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's Messo-tinto. Lord, how the school-boys at West-

minster, and University-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as Ministers can make weep?

I will excuse Sir — the trouble of a letter: When Ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggar's Opera hath knock'd down Gulliver; I hope to see Pope's *Dulness* knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its jobb.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public service than all the Ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POPE charges himself with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London; he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his 1) *Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all

1) The *Dunciad*.

his Patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness, which carried you so suddenly from us. (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin.) Dear Swift take care of your health, I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better *à la Bruyere*. *Nourrisser bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meubler inutilement, voire outil dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui lui procure de beaux songes: Lever vous tard, et aller à l'Eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien déjeuné.* As to myself (a parson about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth (to use a Gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu, let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British journalist; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse

studies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majesty's Waterman) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to 'em. But the Opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourself.

LETTER XXIX.

March. 23, 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travell'd thither, it has travell'd very quick, to have folks christen'd already by the name of the supposed Author. But if you object, that no child so lately christen'd could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to solve the Riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christen'd till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound 2): he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Caesar — as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flatterer people to domineer in: Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the rest of the world. As for those Scriblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness* (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*) how much that nest of Hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the *Treatise of the Bathos*.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine Studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other Tyes dropping from me: some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and

2) Before Mr. Gay had fenced this thousand pounds, he had a consultation with his friends about the disposal of it. Mr. L. advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest: Dr. Arbuthnot, to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; and Mr. Pope was for purchasing an annuity for life. In this uncertainty he could only say with the old man in Terence, *scilicet probe*:

Incertior sum multo, quam dudum.

it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long help'd and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who requir'd me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, could I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: Your Deafness wou'd agree with my Dulness; you would not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you shou'd be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother; or that ever you shou'd lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concern'd in all your concerns; so that though the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me, that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater

than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of those insects,

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows 3), it must be something greater than any *Iliad* in Christendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. S W I F T.

Dublin, May 17, 1728.

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cause there; and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for historians. Mr. Gay's Opera

3) It did, in a little time, effectually silence them.

hath been acted here twenty times; and my Lord Lieutenant tells me, it is very well perform'd; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give most melancholy account of yourself, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for constant diet before Partridge; I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any to those that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quamquam O!*) and for England I despair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible, whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you: all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly house-keeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town;

You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of Liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora* — there is now a vacancy for same; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedit uti conviva satius*.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another; Only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I'm forc'd to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies,

and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; and with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low-church, Whig and Tory, or who is first Minister — Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Dr. told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, and have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexations. There might be a *Lutrin* writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converse with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a sett of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly describ'd them to you, but, when you come, you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure, as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease; I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best Letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your

garment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forc'd him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which Philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two Haycocks; but his intention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleas'd with your placing him in the Triumvirate between yourself and me; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a Bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but

as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a Barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a Painter for 200 £. to paint his country-hall with Trophies of Rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm — now turn over a new leaf. —

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: There, tho' his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you wou'd not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme*, *Prolegomena*, *Testimonia Scriptorum*, *Index Authorum*, and *Notes Variorum*. As to the latter, I desire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like best 4), whether dry raillery, upon the stile and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am &c.

4) Dr. Swift did so.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concerned; for I have long observ'd that twenty miles from London no-body understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scribblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are call'd) referred to the author they imitate — When I began this long paper, I thought I should have fill'd it with setting down the several passages I had mark'd in the edition I had; but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your Asterisks filled up with some real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advis'd above is mention'd there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto

edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the Commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor should not follow the old style of, This excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?

As to your self, I doubt you want a spurrieron to exercise and to amusements; but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man Godward, and the most intemperate your selfward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never designed him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and Cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (for the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: The fall from a million to a hundred-thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: Besides, he is a controller of Fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great Minister in the face, under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from Exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless You, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty; and liberty is a blessing fittest for a Philosopher — and Gay is a Slave just by two thousand pounds too little. — And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares. —

LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I Have past six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of solicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or physicians for themselves, and zealots, or divines themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just relieved by an assurance that you are still at Sir A—'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others, because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Vo Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and, I believe, if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I should say any thing

farther how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of Scriblers would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate wou'd indanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am so Atmospheric a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard should be given, and less of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I Lived very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desires to improve her understanding which is very

good, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happen'd to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Gongreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely, besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; tho' I saw him so seldom, and possibly, if he had live'd on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humour'd Physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them

all, and they him. He has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more mov'd than at the loss of his cat; he offends no-body, is easy with every body — Is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A —, who knows him too, but she hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I wold give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my Lord — who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advis'd, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust — I find myself dispos'd every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslav'd people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire, who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his Tenants gratis. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were

nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the Boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that Providence hath order'd our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for finding it troublesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one ¹⁾ paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship us'd to say, that a few good Speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant? but I believe in your time you would never, as a Minister, have suffer'd an Act to pass thro' the H. of C — s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L — ds to throw it out; because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the qualification-bill relating to Pensioners. It should seem to me that Corruption, like avarice, hath no

¹⁾ Entitled, *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.*

bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compar'd it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forc'd to play at small game, to set the beasts here a madding, meerly for want of better game, *Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim*, &c. — The D — take those politics, where a Dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provok'd, and send for the Dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi præteritos* — but *cruda deo viridisque senectus*. Pray, my Lord, how are the Gardens? have you taken down the mount, and remov'd the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring-corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. — I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons play'd the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by, while my servants threw down what was amiss: I have likewise seen a Monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poison'd rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promis'd Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Oeconomy than that it is the parent of Liberty and Ease, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his

heart for the neglect of it, tho' not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have Money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your Prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Restoration when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once set you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe fortune, like other drabbs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for six pence with a man or a woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at Back-gammon, tho' she is a bungler, and the game be Ecclesiastic. As to the public, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindred me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people, who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray, will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the Author, but sure he must be some Modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more

insignificant thing than it was the day before: which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe, it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all Poets, Philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption. I say this, because I have a scheme in spite of your notions to govern England upon the principles of Virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the Æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of

men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, et incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my Letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great Library always makes me melancholy, where the best Author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little library, I value the complements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirtyone volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke) more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how Opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great Title and Fortune, that I might be used like a Lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembered for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would

exceedingly please me; but yet I never lov'd to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected myself, and remember'd Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I Am very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed

with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures even where they excel what come from abroad: This is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a Philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call myself a stranger in a strange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinch'd in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: And when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of

wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person, one tenth part, so heartily disposed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a Gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100 l. a year since I left you; you should have told me how. Those *subsidia fenellarii* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice tho' I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer (or rather to be surer of his rents.) But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his interest on his own affairs, which I ever disliked, and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B —, but to no Lady at court. God bless you for being a greater Dupe than I; I love that character too myself, but I want your charity.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Octob. 9. 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last; but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts, of the Commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: If in any particular, any thing be stated or mention'd in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new Editions now coming out here, may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increas'd by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapier's-Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverished. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you remov'd from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, tho' I am, that the additional 100 *l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tyed by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100 l. a year. Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000 l. is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendship and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. He is the same man: So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur* — Poor Mrs * is like the rest, she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer no-body to pull it out. The Court-lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: But if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as no-body would so well hide a small one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a Courtier. I can assure you that Lord

Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum.*

LETTER XL.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Brussels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth Luter, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the Farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce*? some Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Balordo, the prototype of your Hero — I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England; but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find by long

experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does something like it in one of his Rapsodies. To tell you my reasons would be to write an Essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broadbrimm'd beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Thro' this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for Fame, becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning, I am afraid, is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire Fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propose Fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further; You teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Cæsar pressed forward to the same goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion or this direction of self-love, in to your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes*. But now whether we consider Fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth, not our

old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardor. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us: Towards our exit, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of same the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm Octob. 5.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: You are building, it seems, 'on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend; may the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer.

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She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Octob. 31, 1729.

I Receiv'd your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten Lustres, I remember, when I complain'd in a Letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobratio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically pass'd in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; It is you were my Hero, but the other I never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call it, than yours: for, I declare, yours was *unus*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world

2) L. Ox.

may be as wise as I upon that article: Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not. — I was 2) forty seven years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep. — I writ to Mr. Pope and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its name, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: yet I see you with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (thought it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation — only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarr'd of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no Ecclesiastical but an Epictetian phrase) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tried — No, God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But in the

2) The Year of Queen Anne's Death.

mean time, do not brag. Retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth said to me in his Lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba, ignava opera*, I wish you could learn Arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on 50 *l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *Otium* should be *sine dignitate*, — My Lord, what I would have said of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endeavour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after - times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The D — take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

LETTER XLII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Octob. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am

one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loss for a frolick, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor, that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of species in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our Absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politics, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches myself. I must repeat what, I believe, I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 *l. per Annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B — about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paultry figure in the station I

am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part you are base, because I thought myself as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island cum *zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increaseth as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I lov'd you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoue, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independant of the world, and feels less need of learning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftner, they busy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (for *vera ami-*

titia non nisi inter bonos) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which soothes my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty 3) of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomicks than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 *l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do assure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection,

3) Viz. *Reason*. Tully (or, what is much the same, his Disciple) observes something like this on the like occasion, where, speaking of Plato's famous book of the Soul, he says, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego, adsentior: cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cepti cogitare, adsensio illa omnis elabatur*. Cicero seems to have had but a confused notion of the *cause*, which the Letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge so flattering an idea, but *severer reason* corrects and disclaims it. As to RELIGION, that is out of the question: for Tully wrote to his few philosophic friends,

the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original 4). His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a Wit 5). How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determin'd to say nothing that one could not say prettily? I lately receiv'd from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myself to observe, how and by what degrees I ceas'd to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compar'd you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more ne-

4) *Essay on Man.*

5) He us'd to value himself on this particular.

gligently, that is, more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of ev'ry ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse: then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but getting "ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will encrease your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another 6), whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of Hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur auro* — &c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you, if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. — The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disapprove Irish politics, (as my Commentator tells you) being a strong and jealous subject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately receiv'd a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the S. Sea; and you are sensible she cannot ever return it

6) His Mother's,

to one in the condition of an outlaw. It's certain, as he can never expect any favour 7), his motive must be wholly dis-interested. Will not this Reflection make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. — It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be un-attended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, join'd now to this acquir'd old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, tho, we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherly; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the Booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours 8). I don't much approve of it; tho' there is nothing for me to be

7) He was mistaken in this. Mr. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742.

8) See the occasion, in the second and third Paragraphs of the Preface to the first Volume of Letters. P.

asham'd of, because I will not be asham'd of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the Post-office please to take a copy of it.) I admire on this consideration, your sending your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together. — I will fully represent to our friend (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneffes in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeas'd before at you, for complaining to Mr. * of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole) that I never thought myself so warm in any Party's cause as to deserve their money: and therefore would never have accepted it: But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet, you

know I am no enemy to the present Constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay, even to the church establish'd, as any Minister in, or out of employment whatever; or any Bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Erasmus, a Catholic; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenson, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B's answer to your letter I have just receiv'd, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you (as a Clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: Moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself; if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among such as are believers, or readers of Scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you for-

merly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you wou'd not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. — Pliny writ his letters for the public, so did Seneca, so did Balsac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Historians and Poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber — I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public spirit would be less grieved, or oftner comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault

of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. — I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVI.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan, 1730-31.

I Begin my Letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the Books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and though our best Botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these

remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chemistry the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specific. — Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: National corruption must be purged by national calamities. — Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head,

and at my heart; if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have payed to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly

affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself. — You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old Philosophers, which were the presents, *Munuscula*, that Stoical Fop Seneca used to send in every Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminish'd, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for

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continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live Extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass thro', just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. — And just now too, I am going to see one I love tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the Courtesy of England. — *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus.

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr.

S W I F T.

YOU may assure yourself, that, if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventured to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is push'd as successfully as I think it is, render all your Metaphysical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am perswaded that Divines and Freethinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr. * the

Grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations 1), &c.

It has happened, that, whilst I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: He was in haste to return, and is, I perceive, in great haste to print. He left with me eight Dissertations 2), a small part, I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find myself unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement, and exercise, your notions are true: The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who, for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preserve their health, faunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

1) In this maxim all bigotted *Divines* and *free-thinking* Politicians agree: the one, for fear of disturbing the established Religion: the other, lest that disturbance should prove injurious to their administration of government.

2) *Revelation examined with candour.*

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a Free-man. — Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; tho' some of 'em I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it: yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry: tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estranged from politics as I am. Let Philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than Politics, and not quite so vain at present as Divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but Satire, and those who are ashamed of nothing else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this Age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satirical subjects, merely on the score of Party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy

136 LETT. TO AND FROM Dr. SWIFT.

his pen. Dr. — 's Book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkley's 3), tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad Populum*, is, I think, purely *ad Clerum*.

Adieu.

3) A fine original work called, *The Minute Philosopher*.

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